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THE FARM

SAXE CHURCHILL STIMSON



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THE FARM

BY

SAXE CHURCHILL STIMSON

Author of "The Trench Lad"
and "The Lincoln Cabin"



BOSTON

RICHARD G. BADGER

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THE FARM

THE FARM

Wheat and barley, peach and cherry!
Where nature spreads her living charm,
The phoebe sings a cure for worry,
And the brooklet joins the meadow, out on the
farm!

The farmer sets his milk and cheese,
His wife prepares a bowl of berries,
She knows the gentle art to please
And bakes a dripping dish of cherries.

Bringing the cows at rosy dawn!
The rainbow streaks in the east!
Up and out ere the dew is gone
And the breath of the meadow's feast!

The noble Roman was a farmer, tilling his own
land,
He loved his occupation of the field,
Knew the value of the clay-bank, loam and sand,
And turned the sub-soil deep, to enhance the yield.

Quiet feeds the herd of high bred milkers,
Jerseys, Guernseys, Holstein, and Brown Swiss,
The foamy, creamy pails are borne by hired helpers,
The dairy is an adjunct to our temporal bliss!

The Farm

The scent of mints is on the hay
All turned, and stacked, and rowed,
The heaped-up wagon comes up the way
And the farmer's boy a-top the load.

Hail! little master of the day's toil,
'The world would starve without you,
Keep to the country's growing soil
Bringing your golden grain, each year, anew!

We know where there's a rabbit's nest
Nestling in the clover,
And three little rabbits newly drest
Pink and brown, and white all over!

Up from the fields in the heat of day!
For a drink of bubbling water cold,
Pumped from its ice-cold bed of clay,
And the oaken trees so lofty, and old,

The yard and barn, with their shade enfold.
The chickens cluck, and the turkey gobbles,
A crotch in the branches a bird's nest holds,
And the plum-tree near, where a thrasher warbles!

The Farmer studies nature and his books,
Free from the townsman's hurrying throng,
Science yields to him who reads and looks,
He halts his rake, and sings a summer song:—
Worm of the woven chrysalis

Bound by the foul cacoon,
The butterfly bursting this
Flits in the sun's bright noon.

The Farm

Oh gorgeous butterfly! purple and pink and gold,
Playing and gleaming through the air!
Oh for us to leave our out-worn shells, so old,
Free at last, from dross of earth and sordid care.

Like the worm of the woven chrysalis,
We shall burst the souls cacoon!
Awaking to endless bliss
In the light of God's bright noon!

The bobolink has made a nest
Somewhere in yonder low-ground,
The meadow-lark her love confest
In a melody of sound!

The noble, blooded, champion Horse!
With glossy coat and flashing eye,
The team are pacing up the course,
The Norman Sire comes dashing by!

The black and bay, are tugging o'er the furrowed
field
Big and strong to haul the beamy plow,
Peas and pumpkin, oats and rye, will show their
yield,
The hired-man pulls up to rest beneath the pippin's
overhanging bough.

Near the corn-lot, on the hill-side, is the orchard,
Apples growing, ripe for harvest, red and yellow,
Hang up the hoe and join the feast for half an
hour,

The Farm

The ground is strewn with sweets, so rich and mellow.

How calm and restful, is the rainy day,
The soothing tempest beating on the roof,
The sheep and cattle munching at the hay,
The cozy, indoor cheer, of those who have enough.

The baby loves the little chicks,
And feeds them with a silver spoon,
She sees the dainty goslings hatch
And hugs her father, coming from the field at noon.

Here the farmer breeds his cattle for the Fair,
Ayrshire, blooded swine, and Short Horn bull,
The best of all his fruit reserves, and shows it there,
Combing out the bleating Southdowns silky wool.

Autumn! Thy spicy frosted air, and sear and yellow leaf!
The ripe and purple grapes, hang heavy on the branch,
The corn's in the shock; the grain is in the sheaf!
The branches crackle, as we treck, o'er woodland and o'er ranch.

A long, long line of purple haze
Is resting o'er the golden wood,
It is the Indian summer days,
The partridge leads her speckled brood.

The Farm

The squirrel hunter echoes o'er the ridge,
And quail and wood-cock, in his well filled bag,
Burred hazel-nuts hang dry upon the hedge,
The lolling setter at his master's heels doth lag.

How soft the stately cloud rests in the blue,
Sailing through a sea of racy air!
October spreads abroad her gorgeous hue,
The mated lovers walk and linger there.

For love thrives best in the country's yellow glow,
Winding o'er the burnished hills together,
The blissful happiness that they know
Is like the breath of scented heather.

The Farmer, and his friends stood by the field,
Full of the joy of goodly living,
The pumpkin and the squash lay bare their generous yield,
And tomorrow, is the year's full-crowned Thanks-giving!

Living at its best
Is contentment with ones chosen lot,
Taking each day, its burden and its rest,
Princely, are they, who dwell in noble thought!

You cannot circumscribe man's mind
Though digging through a boggy hole,
He tours the universe, and finds
Its beauties singing to his soul!

The Farm

Blow! Ye sweeping north-winds—blow!
Throwing up your icy ridge of snow!
The hearth is burning high, the sun is setting low,
Ho! ye winter's foes, ho! ho!

The farmer cuts a seasoned ham,
And peels a greening and a spy,
His wife brings up a bowl of jam,
The children watch the sleighs, go by.

Such is hoary winter, on the farm,
The long, and jovial evenings round the fire,
Stored fruit and nuts, and games of youthful
charm,
Blow ye west winds! Till the flame upon our
hearth is mounting higher! higher!

There is stock to feed, and tend,
And the far fields are a desert white,
The low sun its cheerless ray doth send,
And copse and fence, are buried out of sight.

Soon March is mounting, with her sap,
And trudging round of maple trees,
Sugar dripping from the tap,
And Spring's proclaimed! with budding leaves, and
flowing eves!

Her spirit moves upon the earth,
The blue-bell is reborn,
God's green carpet rolls out in birth,
And the bare fields forlorn, the wild-flowers now
adorn.

The Farm

The arbutus trails in mud and slime,
But blossoms with a dainty odor,
It comes in early April time,
When winds are soft, and woods are colder!

Dainty pink of northern clime,
May we have thy perfume,
Though trailed like thee, in mud and slime,
Our lives attain thy fragrant bloom!

On yonder shaded mound, the whitened pillars
Mark the temporal harbor of the dead,
There neath the weeping willows and the alders,
How good the pilgrimage, that to such a bourne
hath led.

The great forest! With its shady nooks, and wind-
ing aisles,
Giant trees of oak, where the coon and chipmunk
climb!
Here youth seeks out the butternut, and mounds
them up in piles,
The woodsman's ringing axe! and moss, and mint,
and thyme!

The brook babbles forth, meandering through the
meadow,
Well stocked with bass and sun-fish, and wary
speckled trout,
A worm for sunshine, and a scarlet fly for shadow,
Such a pulling! playing! lashing—leaping! as we
haul them out.

The Farm

How welcome is the Sabbath day of needed rest,
Tools hung up, stock bedded, and the motor car
Bearing its happy load, to the meeting o'er the hills
 crest,
And then the family dinner, with aunts and other
 guests, from near and far.

The Old Homestead! Its weathered walls
Still standing, mid familiar trees and yard,
Pulling at the heart, the loved place calls
Us back once more, to pay a last regard!

First in men's affections, is the farm!
Noblest of his universal work, and labor,
The poet and the priest descant its varied charms,
And God's word exalts the plow, and decries the
 saber!

Food and clothing, fuel and shelter, come from the
 farm,
It meets men's universal needs at every hand!
Flee—O man—the baneful cities' harm,
Back—Back! Where strength is springing from
 the land!

Behold the lilies of the field, how they grow,
They toil not, neither do they spin,
And the Lord Christ labored with the husbandmen,
 who sow,
And bore a hand, to bring the ripened fruitage in.
The horse-back ride, on thorough-bred, o'er springy
 turf, and away in a clatter!

The Farm

Gripping the girth and feeling the spring, of the
leaping steed!

O'er moor and meadow, and a dash through the
woods at a breaking canter,

Away for a run as free as the rein of your fleetest
breed!

Plums and peaches, are the farmer's food,
You eat them in the country, soft and mellow,
The garden is a stack of all that's good,
Tomatoes, red and ripe, and savory onions yellow.

Come back to the farm-land!
To plain healthful living,
To the outer so grand,
Where the world it is singing!

SONG OF YOUTH

Sing us a song to the strains of sweet music,
Strike full the chords of the low toned guitar,
Hushed is the evening, and Venus is rosy,
Full of the moon and the bright polar star!

Sing of the homeland, the times of our childhood,
When cherries hung luscious and red on the tree,
The drone of the beetle and scent of the wildwood
At the wide window is wafted to me.

Music's rare charm doth appease the old longing,
A feeling of sadness for days past and gone,
Exotic the night, and another good morning,
Come join in our chorus of lyric and song!

Voices as mellow as fruit of the orchard,
The golden-toned tenor doth lead in the lay,
'Twang of the banjo, and strum of the dulcimer,
With the stars we are sailing the white milky way!

Calm and restful the night, its splendor beguiles us,
Voluptuous the scene of the mid-summer's dream,
Soprano, contralto, and basso profundo
And spread over all the mellow moon beam.

The scent of the roses that cluster below us,
Delicious the odor, delightful the hour,

The Farm

Flash of the fire-fly near us discloses
Jewels resplendent, a fairy-queen's bower.

Come sing us a song to the strains of sweet music!
Strike full the chords of the low toned guitar,
Hushed is the evening and Venus is rosy,
Full of the moon and the clear polar star!

AFTER THE STORM

Nature had a bath last night
Thunder crashing o'er the mountain!
Cot and garden clean and bright,
Brook is leaping as a fountain!

The rain has washed the atmosphere,
Dust and cinders all are gone,
Day is going cool and clear,
Diamonds dancing on the lawn!

The lightning flashing mid the peaks
At midnight, was a rosy hue,
The sunshine every corner seeks,
Our emerald world seems born anew!

SPAIN

Tell us a tale of the land of Granada,
The mariners bold, who sailed the blue main,
The search for the fountain; Balboa! De Soto!
Awake once again to your glories, Oh Spain!

'Twas a Prince of your realms that sent forth
Columbus,
To find for the world the land of the West,
With the faith of a seer the brave Isabella,
Did offer her jewels to aid in the quest!

Tell us once more of the halls of Alhambra,
The fall of the crescent, the rise of the cross!
Give to the world another Murillo,
Resplendent genius, up from the dross!

History records how you ruled your dominions,
An empire once glorious, heroic, and vast,
Never again to raise your proud pinions?
Shall you who were first, now always be last!

Bring to your land the blessings of freedom,
Strike from the people the shackle and chain!
Teach them the way of school and the gospel,
Awake once again to your glories, Oh Spain!

THE OLD COUPLE

Come to me darling,
Pillow my head,
The years have been long,
Let a good word be said.

Thy face is as fair
As white scented roses,
Billows of hair
A fond cheek discloses.

Come queen of my heart,
Just shut the world out!
Love and kindness impart,
With no one about!

SCHOOL DAYS

Bushes of lilac, are masses of purple,
In the grove is the sound of a bell,
Two friends on the walk are eating an apple,
There's a crowd to drink at the well.

The blackbirds and jay-birds a chorus are singing,
The maiden is fresh in her frock,
The boy from the farm has a lunch he is bringing,
It is half-past eight by the clock.

Green are the trees, the village is tranquil,
The gardener is whistling a tune,
A scholar returning, is happy and thankful
To go on a picnic at noon.

Who would leave the out-of-doors
To read and sweat inside?
For yonder is a range of hills
Where the fox and squirrel hide!

Oh happy school-days! happy days!
So joyous, full, and free,
Today we're thirteen, once again,
Blow breeze of youth—and waft them back to me!

We'd rather go a-fishing than be Governor,
In the forest is a brook where leaps the trout,

The Farm

With pole and line, and lunch and iron spider,
Just come along and we will hook them out!

In the school-room is the hush of many voices
Bounding up and down the western world!
Just outside the thrush and oriole rejoices,
A ball of paper by a wicked boy is hurled.

A girl is reading on the floor, with hair a-streaming,
A maiden comely, as her name, Lenore,
Her hair all golden, round-about, and gleaming,
White and fluffy, was the dainty dress she wore.

Through the window one can see the beech and
maple,
Whose nodding plumes beguile us as we study,
A hugh bouquet festoons the flowering apple
Where later comes the fruit so ripe and ruddy.

Geography and history are full of pictures,
Lions, polar-bears, and dark-hued faces,
Sometime we'll tour those distant zones,
And mingle with the men of many races.

They're choosing for a ball-game on the square!
They toss and take the field with cheer and shout!
The batter swings, but only fans the air,
The greatest joy in life's to "line her out!"

Youthful pastimes! Marbles, quoits, and cricket,
The nimble jackies catch and kick the ball!
Or chasing gophers, leap o'er yonder thicket,
And answer to the wild-bird's lonesome call.

The Farm

Now mysterious sounds and echoes of the evening,
Every bush conceals an indian or brigand,
A cow-bell tinkles music in the gloaming,
The hooting owl begins his prowling, across the land.

A mecca for girls and boys is Saturday,
Books banished! Home chores, and needed rest,
One long, long holiday of fun and play,
And tramp of many miles to crow and warbler's
nest!

There comes a time when woods are growing
brown,
Some elf, with red and gold, has striped the forests
o'er,
October brings the shag and walnut down,
We dry, and sack, and shuck them for a jolly store.

The sports of Winter! To race the Ice-king!
And take a ride behind a farmer's sleigh,
Jolly evening party, Christmas carols sing,
And wind, o'er hill and vail, the white and jing-
ling way.

Still some memory lingers in the old familiar places,
The class-room, and a favorite teacher, with a rose,
General Exercises, and sea of up-turned faces,
Speaking, singing, dress-parade, that always marks
the close.

The year has ended! joy reigns over all!
Three months of summer and the long vacation,

The Farm

A crowd with books, is surging down the hall,
Now we know the ills of men do have cessation!

The wildrose blossoms by the road-side,
The buzzing bee is gathering up the honey,
From breezy hill-top one surveys the world-wide,
Like life the view is all so bright and sunny!

THE CONFLICT

We like this world, its struggle and its strife,
We want to play our part in righting wrong,
Step to the rolling drum and piercing fife,
And stand and hear the victor's peon song!

This life's not all, there's more beyond,
'Tis but a school, beginning,
Up! Up! the struggle's on,
The hopeful always winning!

Not armed phalanx of glittering troops,
But peaceful, serving envoy,
Wherever wrong with right disputes,
Our all for men, we will employ!

IRELAND

Loved isle o' Erin,
Rare jewel of the sea,
Tara's harp new stringing
Sing melodies to me!

Emerald gem of the ocean,
Hill and vail so green,
Killarney to the Shannon,
And cabin home between.

Thy smile has cheered mankind
With wit so rare!
Thy sons are brave and kind,
Thy maidens, bright and fair.

Sing an Irish melody
Tara's harp new stringin'!
Rare jewel of the sea,
Loved land o' Erin!

THE BABY

Magnate and potentate,
Downy, soft, and new!
Come lift the coverlet
And kiss, and take a view.

Fresh from creation,
The music of the spheres
Is in thy cry,
Such dainty hair and ears!

Thy dimpled smile
And star-born jeweled eyes,
Chubby arms and cheeks,
All art defies!

As spring-time is
Without the bird's song,
So home would be without the baby,
—All the day-long!

THE SOUTHERN CROSS

Night's jeweled diadem,
There is no dross
In thee, imperial gem,
O Southern Cross!

Planted there on high
By the Creator's hand,
Where doth arch the sky,
And beneath the silent, unknown, land.

Guiding mariner and traveler
O'er a hemisphere,
Studded beaming star,
Till time grows old and seer.

Holiest of emblem,
There is no dross
In thee, imperial gem,
O Southern Cross!

INDIA

Domain of scarlet, gold, and princely treasure,
Looming from the dim and hoary past,
Creation fills thy lap with generous measure,
Rivers, mounts, and empire grand and vast!

Delhi! famed city of ancient splendor,
Aladdin's dreamed magnificence come true,
Thy tale and history awake men's wonder
To reach thy fastness, and behold the view.

There flows the Ganges,—Madras! Calcutta!
Merchants' marts of silks, and spice, and gem,
Long told and fabled richness of the Orient,
Where kings festoon their robes with jeweled hem.

There is another tale of degradation,
Teeming millions sunk in direst need,
To toil each day for wage, starvation,
Bound by royal nabobs' iron greed.

What avails those princely treasures vast?
The towers of Delhi! and the satrap's purple!
The Indian is sunk in everlasting cast,
The hopeless night that shrouds the common
people.

The Farm

Far to the north the lordly Himalayas rise,
Mightiest monuments that God has reared,
There the lowly earth doth touch the skies,
And crowning summit is both sought and feared.

In India's far and continental clime,
Land of mount, and richly minted mine,
Work the heroes of the earth,
On mission's, battle line!

THE AMAZON

Vast and mighty body of water,
Flowing—flowing—flowing,
Thy fount is on the Andes' summit,
At thy mouth the sea-breeze, blowing, blowing.

Great ships stem thy current as the ocean,
Circling the torrid zone,
The alligator plays in his lone commotion,
Immense forests grow upon thy banks, dense
and unknown.

Foremost stream of all the world!
Thy mouth is like unto a sea,
The beauty of many lakes is on thy face, with
wavelets curled,
Strange birds and beasts roam near, untamed and
free.

Flowing—flowing,—ever flowing,
Waters, from the ice-tipped peaks of Andes,
At thy mouth the sea-breeze, blowing—blowing,
Winds and odors from the southern seas.

THE LANDSCAPE

From this view the grass is like a carpet,
Acres of green, in colors rich as oil,
At the rear a hedge-row and a thicket,
Summer's verdure borne upon the soil.

On the right a dainty touch of yellow,
Some plant that's flowering in the stalk,
On the other hand, a low-ground, rank in
purple,
And up the way a green, inviting walk.

Such glowing tints and shades are in the picture!

The green is rendered richer by a note of red.
The simple, gentle art of nature,
And in the fore a royal garden bed.

Two shrubs and an opening, form a vista,
To shield the sea blue surface of a lake;
One lone sail is whitening—distant,
Azure sky and clouds a canopy doth make.

Landscape of farm and forest! And near ex-
panse of lawn,
So green, so fresh, in colors rich as oil,
Purple—yellow, azure blue, all drawn
In decorative art upon the soil.

NIAGARA

Turbulent, tortuous, tumbling,—torn!
Fresh from the lakes-basin deep,
Down to the canyon the ages have worn,
It comes—! and takes the wild leap!

Over the precipice, green, black, and yellow,
Swirling! and swashing! where death waits
below.

Foaming and fuming, out of the shallow,
Right on the brink,—and over they go!

Picturesque nature parades her great glory,
That curtain of water formed as a horse-shoe,
Thrilling, tumultuous! dashing score story!
The mists as a veil, do rise on the view.

Here God speaks in wonderful art,
Deft chisel divine hath fashioned it all,
The tornado roar doth blanch the stout heart,
And the wild—wild surges come over the fall!

It is a sublime spectacle viewed from the lower
shore,
That falling ridge of waving water mass;
A Spirit of the Mist doth hover o'er
The rainbow colors in a sea of glass.

RAPHAEL

Midway 'tween heaven and earth
It seems suspended,
The mother and the child
In colors blended.

The warm flesh tints; a feeling of the
 spiritual
Doth animate the painter's art, and brush,
The babe-child struggles with the dawning
 intellectual,
And o'er the earth there rests a hush.

Superman! Thy rich robed colors
Have caught seraphic vision,
And painted for the world
With rapt precision.

As thy Madonna's face
Is noble, and fair to tell,
So is thy divine art and grace
O peerless Master,—Raphael!

MACKINAW

It is an island rising like a pillar,
From out the water of her native Lake,
Guarding sentinel o'er blue Huron and
Superior,
A picture of a thousand, she doth make.

Superb jewel of nature, forest crowned!
Green as the far famed Emerald Isle,
In Indian lore thy features are renowned,
Rocks cast up and shaped in architectural
pile.

Shores washed by waters, clear, pellucid,
Flowing, ever ebbing, through the Strait.
Meeting spot for lakes so blue and placid,
The Red Man's ancient temple at the tryst-
ing gate!

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Eddystone Light,
The sailor's warning,
The gale of the night,
The fog of the morning.

Live to the full my boy and girl,
A worthy part in life's bright song,
Beware of the maelstrom's fateful whirl,
You'll find more joy in right than wrong!

You may sow your oats my boy,
Sow them wild and deep,
But remember no one wants you
When your crop you come to reap!

Eddystone Light,
The sailor's guide,
Throwing its rays far and white,
O'er Atlantic's rolling tide!

CUBA

Queen of the Antilles! Our near sister,
Gem of the island group, now free,
In thy dark hour we sent our gallant soldier
In a righteous cause to die for thee.

The American loves liberty more than life,
The right to freedom and happiness un-
shackled,
Someway from out the din and social strife
May there rise a world unmanackled.

It is an isle of soft winds and fruits and flow-
ers,
When other lands are frigid, here is summer,
Plumed tropic birds and roses, glad the golden
hours,
Orange, lime, pine-apple, for all comer.

Queen of the Antilles! The scented sea-breeze
Is wafted o'er thy island constellation;
Guard well the Indes,
Guidon of liberty o'er the Caribbean!

THE MASTER-PIECE

The brown has mellowed with the gold, the
years doth render
A richer color to the shades, where the painter
wrought.
He has expressed his own soul's grace and
splendor
In the simple lesson taught.

It is a picture of a girl, standing in the street,
With her salvation army on the warring line;
There where the murky tides of life do meet,
The clashing of the common and divine!

She has a smile of sweetness and of beauty
Beyond all words, or art,
She finds a happiness, each day, in duty,
Angel she is to dark and wayward heart.

O Painter! Long may your master-piece hang
upon these walls,
Its colors mellowing into gold,
It is the street, and not fame's marble halls,
Is the simple lesson told!

WORDSWORTH

You live because you wrote of worthy things,
All are better as thy limpid lines they read,
Enduring art, though it chisels, paints or sings,
Must minister to man's everlasting need.

Here the sky is arching, no city bounds you,
The breeze plays havoc through the wood!
The country-side is spread in unrestricted view,
The squirrel known, the fox-glove understood!

No words can tell thy worth, O Wordsworth!
Let us open thee again,
Leaving the town and frivolous things of earth,
And tour a day with thee, o'er moor, and field, and
 fen.

The poet's ecstasy
Here has delight,
Opals of dawn, turquoise of the working day,
And diamond-dust of night.

Rapids leaping! waters rushing!
Chant the birth of Wordsworth.
The mandrake and the mint, thy feet are crushing,
Come where the dew drips from the gentian to the
 earth!

SCULPTURE

Cold, chaste, and chiseled art of Greece,
The stone inanimate, waiting for the breath
divine,
The rounded arm, and noble faultless face,
Here genius worked and wrought perfection
to a line!

A block of rough hewn marble, dull and
white,
The sculptor saw an angel there!
At dawn of talent's toiling night
Was born a form beyond compare.

The art of Greece is perfect art,
Call back Phidias to his granite colonnade,
His master-craft lacks naught but soul and
heart,
Time sullies not, nor doth perfection fade!

Chiseling, forming, fashioning,—chiseling,
Ever chipping here and there, the granite
block,
Has earth no new born Praxiteles
To bespeak muses from the Tuscan rock!

Pure art is a hand-maid to religion,
Pass and pause, where Apollo mounts above
the sculptor's wall,
Great art is ennobling, spiritual, God-given,
Cupid, Moses, and Minerva, stand within the
marble hall!

THE SILVER LINING

Milton was blind,
And Beethoven deaf,
Thus these two geniuses
Were bereft.

I can hear
And I can see!
And fate is very
Good to me!

Today I'll look upon the flowers
And listen to the birds,
And hear the household music
Of its spoken words.

And think of all I have
In generous lot!
Forgetting and ignoring
What I have not!

ARCH OF TRIUMPH

We choose life's sweets
Let those who will grow sour,
Many loves and hates
Are everybody's dower.

Earth's uncrowned queens and kings
Are they,
Who sing above a thousand things,
Rejoicing on the way!

Like Paul the victor
In race well run,
Each day to be a factor
In some good done!

THE DIVINE

Guiding flashes, 'mid the darkness, come to all,
And our way is fairly lit,
Upward pointing they doth ever call,
And mold and make this common mortal fit!

We are not forsaken in our sunken sordidness,
The eternal and divine doth ever lead!
The Father of the sparrow knows our weakness,
There is a heaven for all who will their lesson heed.

CONTENTMENT

Happiness is contentment
The supreme gift of enjoyment,
Of simple things about you,
And the day's employment.

Whatever is must be,
The passing years have taught that God could
Make the withered lilies bloom again,
And from the evil bring forth good!

Contentment with things near at hand,
There is happiness between four walls,
Heart light and conscience clear,
The rose and radish in our back-yard garden calls!

THE MASTER-KEY

The master-key unlocks the world for you.
The golden token, that swings full-wide the door.
Seven accomplishments must wait upon you.
Tact! The gentle, graceful art of being usable
to others.

Power! Young and overflowing. The faith that
moves mountains! From the source of power!
Healthy, persuasive, heroic!

Thrift—That sees the little day-by-day laid by,
expand into the capital of great enterprise.

Character! The weak becoming strong! The lone
oak of the forest.

And ever Hope. The rainbow assurance of an-
other and a better day.

Religion, that guides us through the murky tides
of life, and finds, at last, safe harbor.

Perseverance! That tires a hundred times, and
tries again, with added joy achieved. Seven
fold and certain crown when nobly won!

CHRISTMAS HYMN

Peace on earth, O Prince of Peace
Let all strife and discord cease.
May thy kingdom have increase,
And chained spirits find release.

Good will to men, the world round!
Ring the bells with pealing sound!
Exalt the Christ the angels found
And let his praises long resound!

Here mid winter's splendors hoary,
Tell again the Christ-child story!
He who trod the path so gory,
Leading up to heaven's glory.

Bells, today, with joy are ringing!
Children's voices carols singing,
Men to Calvary's cross are clinging,
Love and service, to him bringing.

Ring out the bells—the chiming bells!
Ring out the bells, whose message tells
Of Him who wrong and misery knells,
For Christ, with men, now dwells!

HANDEL'S LARGO

Wondrous God, we adore thee,
For the way that thou hast led;
Thy heavenly home we cannot see,
The palace, of the dead.

There are pleasures there, forevermore,
The music rolling from the key
Is like the ocean on the shore,
The march of triumph, leading up to thee!

What supernal sounds are these?
The Largo lifts the soul!
'Tis Handel moving o'er the keys
To music's mighty roll.

Noblest of melodies is the Largo,
Organs of Paradise with stops full drawn!
With the stately beauty of Leonardo
It paints the coming glories of eternal dawn!

Wondrous Christ, we adore thee,
For thou dost make the erring whole,
The grandeur of eternity
Is in the Largo's roll.
The March Triumphant of the soul!

AT THE MERCY SEAT

Just as the publican
Before Thy throne I bow,
Broken and undone,
Hear, Oh hear, me now.

Show thy mercy, Lord,
For this wounded life,
Torn and battle-scarred
In the world's dark strife!

Pride and glory, all are gone,
Just as a child I come,
—Now I lay me down—,
And thou Lord, take me home.

CHRISTUS

Let not your heart be troubled,
Believe in Me;
For I have many mansions
Prepared for thee.

I just have gone before
To make ready our home,
And waiting at the portal door
I'll tarry, till you come!

Let not your heart be troubled,
There are pleasures, forevermore!
And you shall find abundant entrance
For I am the open door!

AMERICA

True to form, she goes!
Young giant, of the West,
Equal to her foes,
And on a knightly quest!

Earth's mightiest mission
Asks not of her, in vain,
Proud in her position,
Cheered by men's acclaim.

America! The ages doth behold
You, as you give your treasure,
Yourself, your men, your gold
In open-handed measure!

'Tis yours to lead in noble deed,
And ever lead you must!
You hear the whole world's calling need,
And stand for what is just!

FRANCES WILLARD

Woman of the white ribbon
And noble face. She led
Society out to moral freedom,
And moved the world a pace ahead!

Sweet little woman,—Napoleonic!
Doughtier than the warrior's might,
Queen of hearts, of all that's human,
Peeress of purity, and the right!

DAVID'S HYMN

Oh! the joy of wrong forgiven,
Burden lifted from the heart!
When in reconciliation
God, his favor, doth impart!

To our guilty state of darkness
Hope doth shed a shining ray,
On our Stygian night of blackness
Bursts the sunrise into day!

Happy child, with conscience clear,
Error all confest,
Gone the load, of doubt and fear,
Born abiding rest.

Conscious joy of wrong forgiven!
Burden taken from the heart,
When in reconciliation
God, forgiveness, doth impart!

THE CATHEDRAL

Architecture is a bridge of music, a lyric ladder
Where the artist treads the skies,
An ascending symphony, of a mighty orchestra,
Hark! How yon steeple tones do ring and rise!

There is a grandeur in the structure, the nave and
noble dome,
Lifting towards the clouds, its towers and spires,
It stands a western echo, of the pomp of Rheims
and Rome,
Pointing ever upwards, our aspirations and desires!

Viewed from a distance, the lines are quite colossal,
The cloister and the minister, the halls in winged
extension,
Time's enduring monument, to the loved apostle,
Here genius dreamed and wrought, in vast dimen-
sion!

Cathedral bells are clanging! Tolling from the
tower!
Ringing o'er the city and the country-side, their
silver tone,
Cathedral bells are striking! The early matin
hour,
Echo of the grandeur, of Strassburg, York, Co-
logne!

Stones of many lands are laid up, block on block,
Marble of Georgia, granite of New Hampshire,
and Ohio's lime
Is joined unto the gorgeous-hued Italian rock,
To rouse in men a longing for the spiritual and
sublime!

The Cathedral declares God's grace and glory!
The chancel, and the brilliant window, his ministry
foretells,
The choir peals out Christ's Christmas story,
To the sounding! and the clanging! and the ring-
ing! of the bells.

Five miles away the towers rise, above the bur-
nished dome,
The magnitude, the faultless lines, the vaulted roof,
the walls of timed-toned hue,
Standing in the western world, as ancient Peter's
stands in Rome,
Men travel far, abide, depart, and come again, to
look upon thy amplitude anew!

THE STARS

Noblest of the sciences, the geometric sky,
Lift the beholding telescope and watch the Pleiades
sail by!
The Pole Star, sentinel of the night, is ever in the
north,
And rosy Venus, just at evening, from her rest
comes forth!

Come and see the lordly Jupiter lead his family
train,
And little silver Mercury, as the moon doth wax
and wane.
There the great dipper performs his nightly loop,
And the Milky Way is just a dusty group.

Astronomy inspires our minds to thoughts of vast
dimension,
We think less of little man's invention,
And more of the Infinite God,
Who this starry way, a trillion years hath trod!

Perseus and Pegasus are in a race,
To outshine the sun!
And the moon looks on with solemn face,
And declares who won!

The Farm

Grandest and mightiest constellation, is Orion!
Carrying his jeweled dagger at his belt,
Treading lightly, lest the Scorpion,
Strike him from the purple veldt.

The astronomer is ever a believer,
For he beholds Gods turning wheels in motion,
There where they wind the clock of day,
And allot the planets, etch its proper place and
portion.

Sweep! Oh sweep onward! toys of the sky,
Thy trillion distances we'll tour them o'er some
day,
Once a year the fateful Comet draws nigh,
And Ursa Major suspends herself in jeweled array.

The crescent moon is a blade of silver, nesting in
a cloud,
The west with rainbow tints, is still aglow,
The falling night, its shades, will soon enshroud,
Some shooting wanderer, its scintillating train of
sparks doth throw!

Now Saturn, with his gorgeous ring,
Mars is red for war! Castor green, bright Vega
blue,
And flashing Regel, a billion billion miles doth
bring
His rays quite clearly to our view!

BROWNING'S WORKER

One who always marched breast forward,
Never doubting skies would clear,
Shoulders square and looking upward,
Greets the future with a cheer!

In the bustle of man's work-day,
Bench, and brush, and whirling gear,
Stalwart—pressing up the pathway,
“Fight on—fare ever!—till God's breaking dawn
is here!”

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